WHINGS THAT HAVE MADE OFFICERS OF PROVED SPIRIT FAINT.

Capt. Gridley and the Jack-p'-the-Dust-Awakening of a Loutish Landsman-Brave Act of a Powder Boy-Men Who Have Acted Promptly at the Right Moment - Many Varieties of Bravery.

WASHINGTON, July 16 .- Courage possesses a man completely at one time and at another does not even find him. It may be too much to may that the quality called nerve is a mood, but there are many instances that go to show how strong a man may be on one occasion and how manish on another.

A regular army cavalry officer, one of the men to go down with a bad wound in the first fight ore Santiago, had proved his valor in Indian campaigns when he was wearing his first shoulder straps. He had been a witness of many scenes of violence on the frontier, and he fought well and hard before Santiago. He has always been known among officers and men who have soldiered alongside of him as intropid. A few years ago, when he was commanding his troop wn in one of the Arizona envalvy garrisons. one of the soldiers of his outfit shot himself in a fit of remorse after a protracted spree. The poldler waited until mess call for dinner. Then he got his carbine out of the rack, put a ball in it, pulled off his right boot, and, working the trigger with his toe, sent the bullet crashing into his head, dying almost instantly. The commander of the troop, the officer of proved courage, was on hand in a few moments. He passed through the crowd of troopers, and took one look at the dead man. Then he put his hand to his head, recled dizzily, and, in a dead faint, fell into the arms of a couple of soldiers. He was unconscious for fully ten minutes, and it was the sight of the blood that did it. There had been no comradeship between the officer and the dead soldier, such as often springs up between enlisted men and officers who spend many years together in the same outfit or post, for the suicide had been recently transferred to the troop. It was a pure case of willing at the sight of blood on the part of the officer, although he had been used to violent scenes since his earliest manhood, and he could afford

to, and did acknowledge it freely.

Capt. Gridley, who died at Hong Kong. whither he was carried very ill after he had done his share of the fighting with Dewey in Manila Bay, had a similar experience when he was a Commander. He was in some of the bad fighting jobs of the civil war, and was a conspicuously brave and cool-headed man. When he was promoted to the rank of Commander his first ship had as a member of her crew a Jack-o'-the-dust who was a heavy drinker, but no valuable a man that the officers overlooked a good many bad breaks. A Jack-o'-the-dust is the "striker" for the paymaster and the paymaster's yeoman. He holds the rate of seaman, and is assigned as Jack-o'-the-dust to dish out the provisions to the mess cooks and to act as general factorum for the pay office aboard ship. Gridley had not been in command of the ship for a month before the Jack-o'-the-dust went on a spree and had to be put in the brig over night. Gridley had been shipmate with the man on and off for twenty years and liked him and hated to see him in trouble. So, when the Jack-o'-the-dust got sober enough Gridley had him brought aft to the cabin instead of jawing him at "the stick," and gave him as clever a man-to-man sort of talk as a bluejacket ever man-to-man sort of talk as a blue acket ever listened to. Then, instead of punishing him for his spree, he turned him loose. This was on a monthly muster morning. The remorse-ful Jack, on whom Gridley's kindly talk had pressed heavily, got into his mustering clothes and appeared on deek all right for muster. When the men were dismissed he went below to stand in one of the Paymaster's storerooms until the skipper had finished inspecting the ahip. Gridley made a very thorough inspection of the ship in company with the executive officer, and the inspection was to wind up with the offices and storerooms in the after part of the vessel on the berth deek. He walked a few feet ahead of the executive officer, and when he reached the last paymaster's storeroom and peered inside he fell back into the arms of the executive officer, utterly unconscious. The executive officer called out for the surgeon, and then looked into the storeroom to see what had had such an effect upon the coel-headed Gridley. The repentant Jack-o'-the-dust was slitting on a box of salt-water soap, dead, with his throat cut from ear to car. The thing made so painful as impression upon Gridley that he was under the weather for some time, and yet he was one of the nerviest men in Uncle Sam's line of fighting packets.

An engineer cadet, who is now an assistant engineer on one of the cruisers in Cuban waters, went ashore in Honolulu to weigh coal for his ship one morning about they vesses are listened to. Then, instead of punishing him

An engineer cadet, who is now an assistant engineer on one of the cruisers in Cuban waters, went ashore in Honolulu to weigh coal for his ship one morning about five years ago. When he returned aboard for luncheon all hands were at mess, except a loutish, moonfaced landsman, a former farm hand from interior California, who had been the butt of his mates as an innecent of the rawest kind. This mates as an innecent of the rawest kind. This mates as an innecent of the rawest kind. This mates as an innecent of the rawest kind. This mates as an innecent of the rawest kind. This materials had sman had botted his dinner and was leaning over the starboard rail, looking no more stupid or inert than he generally did. A big coal lighter was moored alongside the ship, coal lighter was moored alongside the ship, and the cadet in order to get aboard ship had to climb from the steam launch that brought him off onto the lighter, and then pull himself up on the fixed iron gaugway ladder to the gaugway. There was a himself up on the fixed iron gangway ladder to the gangway. There was a space of about two feet between the coal lighter and the ship. Into this space the cadet, missing his hold when he attempted to clutch the ladder, fell, feet foremost, with a splash. The crew of the steam launch heard the splash, but did not know what had caused it. It was about 100 to 1 against the cadet's sawing his life by his own efforts, for when he came up his head was due to bump against the bottom of the lighter, and it is a hard proposition even for a good swimmer to keep his nerve the sphash, but the not know what had caused it. It was about 100 to 1 against the cadet's saving his life by his own efforts, for when he came up his head was due to bump against the bottom of the lighter, and it is a hard proposition even for a good swimmer to keep his nerve under such circumstances. The cadet didn't keep his nerve and he would surely have been a goner had it not been for the loutish landsman proved to be the right man. He did not even kick off his Government atraight brogans before he let himself fall into the space between the lighter and the ship at the exact point where the cadet had gone down. The craw of the steam launch saw this move and wondered what it meant. They did not know the cadet was underneath the lighter. In about half a minute the moon-faced andsman came from beneath the lighter, and he had the cadet along with him. The cadet, his norve gone, was very wild, and clutched the indaman fercely. The landsman freed his right arm from the graso of the struggling sadet and gave him a lost on the point of the cadet will be such a lost of the cadet his right arm from the graso of the struggling sadet and gave him a lost on the point of the property of the point of the cadet will be such a lost of the grace. The low put the cadet out of the grace the point of the property of the point of the cadet were hauled into the steam launch by the creew, and the ship's company proceeded to hunt up another but for their hunor. The moon-faced landsman wasn't made to serve in that capacity any longer.

Not long after the Atlanta went into commission an apprentice boy who had been dubbed by his companions the man-o'war equivalent of a natural put the whole pack of them into the shade by as udden exhibition of nerve. A gun's crew, including several of the boys, and this slow-witted boy in particular, were engaged in breaking out one of the landsman wasn't made to serve in that capacity any longer.

Not long after the Atlanta want into commission an apprentice boy who had been dubbed by his companion

avy.

American scaling vessel, bound for Japan
thence to the Alcutian scaling waters, got
the French Frigate Shoals, a couple of
tred miles off the Hawaitan Islands, a few

rean map-o'-war, making soundings down in that neighborhood, sighted the wrenked scaler, and, though the sca was terrific, a boat's crew, mader the lendership of the chief bo sun's mate was mot a man notable for nerve. He had, in lact, shown the white feather in two or three mix-ups ho had had with other chief petty officers of his ship, and he had lost prestige among the men forward for this reason. When the man-o war boat got within a hundred feet or so of the sealer, which was rapidly going to pieces, the crew of the succoring boat saw, with considerable disgust, that all hands abourd the sealer, including the skipper, were boiling drunk, and were standing maundering to one another, waiting for the last lurch of their ship, instead of making an effort to clear the lifeboats of the davits. It was impossible for the warship's boat to get alongside the wrecked sealer on account of the giant seas. The chief bo'sun's mate, who had hitherto lacked the nerve to take his own part in fo'c'sis squabbles, didn't intend to let it go at that, however. He leaped suddenly into the sea, and he had a navy pixtol stock into the bosom of his mustering shirt when he heaven and he had a navy nixtol stock into the bosom of his mustering shirt when he eaped. When he drew near to the distressed scaler the seas slammed him against the ship's sides time and again before he was able to clutch at a rail chain to pull himself aboard. He succeeded in climbing aboard finally, however, and then he made a race forward to where the crew, including the skipper and mates, were huddled around a rum cask, soaking themselves. The chief be'sun's mate hopped into the middle of the gang of drunk-ards, whipped out his big navy pistol, and made the bluf of his life. The bluff went.

Cut away the onus, we sols, and take a chance of ill put a nounce of lead into every drunken dog of yell he yelled.

He covered the case which his gun as he spoke, and his attitude sobered the man. They lumbered out of the fo c'sie, and, despite their half-helipless condit man-o'-war, making soundings down neighborhood, sighted the wronked set though the sea was terriffe, a boat's c er the lendership of the chief bo'sun's m

been mangled to bits. He was arrested by hearing a piercing voice behind him exclaim:

"Damn the skipper's eyes! Damn the skipper's eyes!"

With his foot still raised to take the step that would have plunged him into the hatch, Commander Thomas turned his head suddenly.

"Who's that?" he asked.

Then the Cingalese mess attendant, leaping out of the darkness, had the skipper clutched by the sleeve, and jerked him back from the open hatch by main force. Thomas couldn't quite see into it for a second, until the Cingalese, who had fortunately picked up English on a British wind-jammer, pointed to the open hatch. The Cingalese explained in his broken dialect that the exclamation he had used was the first bunch of English words that came into his head when he saw the Captain's danger. He couldn't remember the English equivalent of the word "stop" soon enough, he said, and so he had damned the skipper's eyes as the best way of attracting the officer's attention.

"And so the first thing that erops into your head is to damn your skipper's eyes, is it?" asked Thomas of the Cingalese. The man got all of the best of it on the Bennington after that.

An Ordnance Sergeant stationed at one of the Pacific coast artillery posts went suddenly lusane a few years ago. His mind had been disturbed for some time by the hard-heartedness of a young woman who declined to marry him. On the day that his wits went completely swry he made for the magazines with the Intention, as he quietly announced to a young Swedish recruit whom he met on the way, of blowing them up. The Swede's eyes stuck out at this, but he was one of the tribe of quick thinkers.

"Ay tank Ay'll go alang an' halp," said he to the crazy Ordnance Sergeant, whose eyes gleamed with insanity.

The Sergeant made no response, and the Swedish recruit walked after him. The Sergeant opened the door of one of the main magazines, that held many thousands of pounds of black smooth-bore powder, and started to break out a big box of it. The Swede saw that the crazy ordnance sergeant

of Texas with 2,000 cattle which I wanted to drive into Kansas. It was the regular routine work to gather them from the ranges in Texas and start the drive. Of course, we expected that we would get to Kansas in due time and without trouble. I had driven innumerable herds over the trail and very seldom had any trouble. I did not anticipate trouble on this trip, as when I started out I had with me the best lot of cow punchers that ever left Texas.

"It was a beautiful sight when we started out, driving 2,000 long-horned steers. The men were all in good spirits, planning to daub red paint all over Kansas City. Through the thick dust from the hoofs of the cattle and horses could be seen the red handkerchiefs of the cowboys as they dashed up and down, gathering the herd together and swearing in a loud and good-natured manner.

"When we were out about four days we met a small band of Indians, who bothered us until we drove them away. We got into quite a fight over the matter. We discovered them early in the morning and by afternoon we forgot all about the Indians and were busy taking care of our stock. We knew that a heavy storm was coming up and wanted to get our herd pretty well bunched before dark, so we could handle them easily in case of rough weather.

"That night there was a stampede in the herd and we never did get a large number of the cattle, although the herd proper was saved. The stampede was caused by the Indians with whom we had trouble during the morning. By the flashes of lightning we saw them scampering away acroes the plains in an opposite direction to that taken by the herd.

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"The stampede start

"With daylight the storm ceased and we could see every movement. After we once got the herd going in a circle it was an easy matter to keep them together, and our efforts were directed toward making the circle so small that the stampede would be stopped. As it grew smaller nothing but a moving bunch of great thorns could be seen above the herd. And they kept milling and milling and milling and milling and received to take a chaw of tobacco and one of the interested listeners interrupted to know what happened next. "Well, continued Pierce, they kept milling and milling, and when they stopped I found that in their milling they had ground all their horns off, and I drove the herd into kansas and sold them for muleys."

How Bicycles Kill Sparrows.

From the Minneapolis Tribune. On almost every cycle path in Minneapolis may be found the dead bodies of sparrows. To the greater number of those who travel over the paths it has always been a mystery why the sparrows should be found on the path instead of on the road. If they had been injured there were plenty of other places for the disposition of their bodies, but for one found elsewhere there were always four or five on the cycle paths. The secret of it is this, vouched for by many cycliste: The sparrows in fixing close to the cycle paths. eyelists: The sparrows in fiying close to the ground have occasion many times to dedge a bicycle. As the wheel revolves rapidly they do not see the spokes and make a dash to get through. The result is, of course, fatal in almost every instance, and the body of the bird is left lying on the cycle path.

"EAGLE OF THE CHOCTAWS" but now dark with age. It is a rectangular block, about four feet in height, resting on a product of an analysis of the north side is an follows: GEN. JACKSON'S FAMOUR INDIAN

BRIGADIER-GENERAL, He Was Pushmataha and He Recisted Tecumseh's Influence in the Stirring Times of 1812-His Body Is Now in the So-Called Congressional Cemetery.

The Congressional Cemetery is about one mile and a half east of the Capitol at Washington. It is ten acres in extent, and is partly bounded by a southwesterly curve of the Anacostia River. It was formerly known as the "Washington Parish Burying Ground," and has always been under the direction of the vestry of Christ Church, In con-sideration of legislation by Congress in favor of this cemetery its directors set aside space for 300 monuments or cenotaphs, to be erected in honor of statesmen who might die while in the service of the United States. More than one hundred of these inartistic tombstones are scattered through the northeastern part of the cemetery. They are cubes of sandstone, each capped by a pyramid; and in letters once black, but now dimmed by time, set forth the names, ages and dates of

leath of the men thus commemorated. Not more than fifty persons are actually mried beneath these stones, the erection of which was discontinued about forty-five years ago. Close to each other are the monum which cover the dust of George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry, both of whom died while holding the office of Vice-President of the United States. A few rods further south a broken column of white marble marks the last resting place of Gen. Jacob Brown, whose brillian military record is summed up in these words: "He was at Niagara and Chippewa." dore Daniel P. Patterson, Gen. James Jackson of Georgia, William Wirt, Tobias Lear, and several European diplomats sleep their last slumber in this inclosure. The red warrior, Pushmataha, deemed wor-

thy of a grave among them, is not unworthy to he remembered with them. He was one of the extraordinary types which belong to no race and no age, but are eccasionally found in all.

Pushmataha, "the eagle of the Choctaws, was the incarnation of the type of Indians idealized by Cooper. He was born in what is now Mississippi in 1765. His early efforts in oratory were ridiculed by the elders of his tribe, and his courage was regarded as mere bravado, but he won distinction on the bravado, but he won distinction on the warpath before he was 20 years old, and then went to Mexico, where he remained several years. When Tecumseh made his memorable second tour of the South, in an endeavor to induce the Creeks, Cherokees, and Choctaws to become a part of his projected Indian Confederation against the whites. Pushmatha was already a middle-aged man, whose prowess and oratory had at last met the approbation of his people. He had risen to be the principal of the three chiefs of his tribe, and lived on the Tombigbee River, near St, Stenhen, Ala.

tribe, and lived on the Tombigbee River, near St. Stenhen. Ala.

Tecumseh was flattered by the overtures of the British, who gladly accepted the aid of the savages of the Northwest in the war then in progress. At first the Choctaws would not listen to Tecumseh, but at length his eloquence caused them to waver. Gen. F. L. Claiborne, one of Wayne's gallant soldiers, was then on his way to defend Miobile. He determined to obtain an interview with the chief of the already divided Choctaw nation. Pushmataha received the deputation sent by Claiborne, and was later induced to visit the latter's headquarters at Mount Vernon. Gen. Claiborne received him with military pomp, and presented him with the uniform and insignia of a Brigadier-General. The gift consisted of regimentals, gold epaulets, sword, silver spurs, and a hat and feather, all of which had been ordered from Mobile at a cost of \$300. Whatever Pushmataha's previous intentions "And so the first thing that crops into your head is to dum yourskipper's eyes, ist?" asked Thomas of the Cingalese. The man got all of the control of the Checker's the man of the Checker's the Checker's the man of the Checker's the Check

I am an American. My skin is red, but my near is white."

Pushmataha and his brother chiefs were treated with great consideration by President Monroe and by John C. Calboun, then Secretary of War. The concessions requested by the Indians was granted, though their leader did not live to sign the treaty that they came to negotiate. It was concluded less than a month after the death in Washington of Pushmatahs, and a record of the communications on both sides forms part of the archives of this Government.

ment.
When asked as to his health, a few days before his death, Pushmataha, who spoke no

when asked as to his health, a few days before his death, Pushmataha, who spoke no English, replied, through his interpreter:

"I feel so well that I know the Great Spirit loves me to-day," On the evening of Dec 28, Pushmataha paid a visit to Gen. Lafayotte, Immediately after his return to his lodgings he was stricken with diphtheria and died twenty-four hours later. "I am told," he said, "that I am better. It is a mistake. I shall die—and at about 12 o'clock to-night. It has always been in my heart that I should die in the land of the stranger."

He then gave some directions respecting his family and the disposition of his affairs, and concluded by saying: "When I am dead let the big guns he fired over me."

Pushmataha had yet another wish, which remained unstratified. With the grip of death on his throat and the film gathering over his eyes he remembered his old leader, and said," I want to see Gen. Jackson." But the hour was late and his wish was not made known. Jackson said next day when informed of the circumstance: "I deeply regret it. Had it been midnight I would have risen to go and see him." He frequently expressed his regard for Pushmataha in these words: "He was the greatest and best Indian I have ever known."

Pushmataha in these words: "He was the greatest and best Indian I have ever known."

Pushmataha in these words: "He was witnessed by fully 2.000 persons, including many of the most distinguished members of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The religious ceremony at the grave was followed by military honors, conducted by the United States Marine Corps and several companies of militia.

The National Intelligencer of Dec. 28, 1824, said of the dead warrior:

militia.

The National Intelligencer of Dec. 28, 1824, said of the dead warrior:

"His bones will rest at a distance from his home, but in the bosom of the people he delighted to love. May a good hunting ground await his generous spirit in another and a better world. await his generous spirif in another and a better world."

The National Journal of the same date, in con-menting on his life and character, said: "He even foiled Tecumseh, though not with the sword. He saw his opportunity and seized it; he knew his means and employed them. He triumphed over that master spirit, broke the spell in which he was attempting his nation, and turned the sword of his people upon our enemies. It was by the powers of his oratory. Every arm fell when Pushmataha had spoken. Every hostile spirit was hushed, and the Choctaw nation, powerful as it was, was united to us."

us."

Before leaving Washington, at the conclusion of the final treaty between the United States and their nation, the Choctaw chiefs chose a monument to mark the resting place of their leader. It is of free or sand stone, o... white,

A Choctaw Chief, lies here. This monument is exected by his brother Chiefs, who were as-sociated with him in a delegation from their nation in the year 1824 to the General Govern-ment of the United States.

On the south side of the monument appear these words, from a enlogy pronounced upon him in the United States Senate by John Bandolph of Roanoke:

"Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in counsel, eloquent in an extraordinary degree, and, on all occasions and under all circumstances, the white man's friend."

On the past side is the statement that

On the east side is the statement that "he died in Washington on the 24th of December, 1824, in the 60th year of his age."
On the west side is his pathetic request:
"When I am dead, let the big guns be fired over me."

ALL THROUGH WITH THE NAVY. Two Policemen Who Look Upon Uncle

Sam's Rewards as a Delusion. To Boundsman Jones and Patrolman Doyle of the Charles street station the United States Navy is no longer an object of adoration and pride. Folks who wish to remain the friends of these policemen do not speak of the navy in their presence, particularly of the auxiliary cruiser Yankee. The newspapers told how the two bluecoats caught a blacksmith and a fireman from the Yankee, both fog-bound by internal mists, wandering through the lower west side on Monday night, July 11. It was also told that after the prisoners were led before a Magistrate the next morning, the police-men were told to take them back to the Yankee and claim the reward of \$10 each that had been

offered for them.

The rest has not been told. When Doyle caught his fireman he was fain to regard the roving sailor as a man dying from thirst in the lesert regards a newly discovered oasis. Doyle had only 35 cents in his pocket; pay day was distressingly far away. When the prisoner was being locked up he said something about being hungry.

"Hungry! Hungry! Why, my boy, what do you want to eat?" inquired Doyle with great "Nothing much," said the fireman.

offee and beef-and wouldn't be bad." Doyle hurried away to the nearest hash house and expended 15 cents out of his 35 on the required food, which he solicitously lugged back to the prison and handed in to the fireman. In the morning, after the police court proceedings were over, Jones and Doyle met to take their prizes to the navy yard together. The adverisement for the capture of the deserting crew said that the sailors should be returned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The advertisement was signed by the quartermaster of the Yankee.

Doyle's prisoner murmured of hunger. He had told Jones's prisoner, the blacksmith, about Doyle's considerate conduct of the night before. The blacksmith took up the cry, "Why, cortainly," said Roundsman Jones:

had told Jones's prisoner, the blacksmith, about Doyle's considerate conduct of the night before. The blacksmith took up the cry.

"Why, certainly," said Roundsman Jones; "certainly I'll give you some breakfast. Come on, Doyle; let's give these men some breakfast." Doyle wasn't so cheerfully philanthropic. He couldn't be on 20 cents. He took Jones to one side and conferred with him.

"Til pay for the whole breakfast if you'll pay up when we get our \$10 prizes," Jones said after a while.

"Thank you, Rounds'," said Doyle, and the whole party proceeded to breakfast. The prisoners ate with the utmost deliberation and much heartiness. Doyle and Jones had to be back at the station at noon and were inclined to hurry things. Jones paid \$2.70 for the breakfast and they hastened to the navy yard. The Sergeant of the guard, one Cullen, a marine of much experience and discretion, received their prisoners, thanked them fully for their favor and services to the navy and handed them written receipts for their prisoners.

Then there was a pause. Sergeant Cullen cleared his throat. So did Roundsman Jones. So did Patrolman Doyle, who even went so far as to ram his fist down into his empty trousers pocket, for carfare had emptied it by this time.

"There was some agreement about \$10 reward." said Doyle after a while.

"Then dollars what?" asked Cullen.

Then they explained. Cullen was very sorry, he said, but he had no orders or authority relating to any rewards. The Quartermaster of the Yankee offered the reward. Let him pay it.

The policemen suggested that he give the prisoners back to them so that they could by resentithem on the Yankee. The Sergeant laughed at them. Give up United States prisoners to cityofficials? he asked, Never! They could show their receipts to the Yankee people, he suggested. The policemen looked at each other and at their watches.

To reach the Charles street station they must start at once. The grim tribunal that sits on the cases of policemen absent from roll call without leave wouldn't consider a s

"THEY NEVER WAKED UP." The Circus Canvas Man's Epitaph on Nine

Disorderly Tramps. here may be rougher, more villainous and vindictive men than circus canvas men," said the press agent, "but in my sad young life experiences I have never known any. The canvas man, as you may know, is the functionary who rolls up the juggler's carpet and performs other menial tasks during the show. He puts up the tents and takes them down and loes all the heaviest and dirtiest work that has to be done around a circus. Our boss canvas man came up to me one morning after we had settled down on an Illinois town and

"'Heard anything from last night's stand?" "'No,' I said; 'why?' "' Nothing,' he answered, and went off grinning.

"The next morning, in the next town, he came around and asked the same sort of question: 'Heard anything from Tuesday night's stand?

"He still refused to tell me what was behind the question. He asked the same question every day for ten days. On the eleventh day we crossed into Indiana. He came and sat down by me on the train just after we crossed the line 'I'll tell you about that now,' he said. I told

him to go ahead.
"'You remember that Thursday, before I got nervous,' he said, 'we had a mess with a gang of hoboes who stole all the stuff out of the grub tents while we were in the show. Well, they laid out Johnny Kern so's he had to have his head sewed up that night, but they got away. The next night they turned up again. They'd

head sewed up that night, but they got away. The next night they turned up again. They'd followed us on the first freight. There was nine of them. They caught six of our boys in a card game out behind the horse tent, upset the barrel we were playing on and got some of the money. They knocked out Jim Coyle that night so bad we had to leave him behind in the hospital. But they all got away.

"The next night was Sunday, and we was travelling all day and we thought we had shaken the hoboes. But Monday night the very same gang raided the grub tent just before the stuff was cooked. There wasn't any of us around, so nobody got hurt. But Johnny Kern, who had his head in a bandage yet from what they did to him on Thursday, he saw them going away and he followed them. They went back into the country most two miles from the show. By the time Johnny got back to the show it was after midnight. We was to stay over another day, so there wasn't make your another day, so there wasn'd a hatchet. It was as nice a walk as ever I took. The moon was shining down through the trees, and there was a soft, warm sort of a breeze coming up the road in our faces. Johnny took us up to a big barn out in a hay field. "Thay're in there, he says. We opened the door, and sure cnough, there they was, eight of them, sieeping: laid out on the hay in one corner. There was a window or something up above, and the moon was shining down on the feet of them. They looked life they was having lovely dreams."

"Then he stopped. "Well.' I said, after a while." "They they have them up?" I said.

"Then he stopped. Wen, I said, after while.
"'Well what?' he said.
"'Did you wake them up?' I asked.
"Naw,' he said slowly, as he got up from the seat, 'they never waked up."

Renting Clocks.

Among the many things rented nowadays are clocks, which are hired for use in private houses, offices, factories, and various places of ousiness. The clocks thus rented are made to keep accurate time. They are rented, the hirer to care for them, or they are cared for by the owner, the care including winding as well as regulating, setting, and cleaning, the hirer having nothing to do about the clock but to pay the annual rent. There are many clocks thus

MUSIC THAT THRILLED HEARD IN AN EAST SIDE SYNAGOGUE.

Two Young Women Who Caused Consternation-Impressions from the Women's Gallery-Exquisite, Dramatic Singing During the Service-The Swaying Worshippers There's a little church around the corner at very turn in New York's ghetto. Every block n the Jewish quarter has some place of wor-

ship. Sometimes it is only a rear room of a nement, or a floor sandwiched in between a dancing hall below and a sweatshop above. In lmost every unexpected cranny of the east side hive some merest scrap of a synagogue For instance, there is one on the third floor

of a building at the corner of Forsyth and Grand streets, a neighborhood which is rich in rewards for synagogue hunters. The stranger, however, would never suspect the existence of anything ecclesiastical in this building. There is a sign announcing the synagogue, but, quite naturally, it is all Hebrew to most people, who would not think of mounting the rickety outside staircase to find a church.

There the church is, however; a long, forlorn looking apartment on the third floor. One Sat urday morning not long ago two young women elimbed the outside stairs, then a cramped inside flight, and finally stepped into the long room itself. They could not have created more consternation if they had been a mounted battery. As they went up the stairs they heard confused sounds as of many voices intoning strange words. There was something weird and Oriental in the sound suggestive of a longitude much further from the Bowery than For syth street is.

The room itself was not churchlike; neither are the mission rooms on the east side. The two young women carried away a very vague idea of the place, owing to the precautionary measures which followed their appearance There were about twenty men in the room, but until the visitors appeared, woman was con spicuous by her absence. The men wore peculiar and picturesque draperies thrown abou their shoulders, and some of them were walk ing about the room, while others read aloue from large books. They evidently belonged to the poorer class of east side Russian Hebrews When the young women appeared the read-

ing stopped and all eyes turned in astonish ment upon the visitors. One of the men laid aside his drapery and came to find out the cause of the intrusion. His English was not fluent, and his understanding of other people's English was not good, but he finally grasped the idea that the visitors wanted to sit down and attend the service. He was plainly disconcerted by the proposition, but the English disheartened him, so he motioned the two young women to a bench at the rear of the hall

They were just smiling their thanks and conratulating themselves on their opportunity of witnessing an unusually picturesque service. when the man pulled some faded curtains half way up the room and they were practically left outer darkness. After that they could only hear the strange inflections of the principal eader and the surge of voices which made an indercurrent on which these intonations rose

The young women wanted uncommonly to now what it was all about, but unfortunately they had not taken any Jewish friend with them to offer explanations. They felt themselves like pariahs, too, cast out behind the faded curtains. Men who came and went looked curiously at the intruders, until finally the two oncluded to find out whether there were cur-

curiously at the intruders, until finally the two concluded to find out whether there were curtains in all the east side synagogues and unostentatiously elipped out.

Two or three blocks away, at 22 Forsyth street, there is a building which, for that part of town, is quite pretentious. Here the visitors found plenty of worshippers of their own sex, and came to the conclusion, in fact, that one must be a woman in order to appreciate thoroughly the service at this east side synagogue. There is a good and sufficient reason for this. All the women go upstairs into the galleries, while all the men go downstairs on the main floor. The women can see all that goes on downstairs and they can see one another also, while the men have imperfect views of either part of the house.

The first impression here, as at the little third-story synagogue, was of the babel of voices. There was no dominant reader as yet, but all through the house men and women alike were reading aloud from grent books they held in their hands. Many of those who were not reading were talking: leaning over the benches and having a bit of friendly gossip, if one could judge from appearances. Almost all the women wore black wigs with dazzling partings. Some of the older ones had handker-chiefs tied over their heads. One of the members who spoke English said that most of them were Russian Jews.

Downstairs there was just as much going on and it made quite as much noise. Apparently the service had not yet begun. Although many the service had not yet begun.

Downstairs there was just as much going on and it made quite as much noise. Apparently the service had not yet begun. Although many were reading aloud they seemed to be doing it on their own account. The men wore draperies resembling those of the worshippers in the little synagogue first visited, and they were as striking, from the point of view of pictorial effect, as an Italian with his great, round cloak, or a Roman with his toga, or, say, an Indian or a Roman with his toga, or, say, an Indian

one of them probably said in Tiddish that the other was no lady. That was what her expression said, at any rate. Then she carefully lied her big prayer book up in a large ionce) white handkerchief and ostentatiously crowded past her enemy. The latter curied her lip with scorn and sharply pulled her wig down over her forebead. The one who was departing in dudgeon stopped at a great square post which was one of those supporting the roof and formed the side of the doorway. It was frightfully dirty, smeared with a mass of grimy marks. She bowed toward the pulpit, kissed the grimy post, tossed her head scornfully toward her adversary and went out.

Many of the women kissed this post, but most of them contented themselves with touching it with their finger tips, which they then kissed.

Meanwhile the singing had ceased. There was some more reading, which ended the service. The women wrapped their books in handkerchiefs brought for the purpose and filed down the stairs. It had all been strangely new to the two visitors. It is a service very different from what is seen at the uptown synagogues; a service full of interest, although the stranger needs some one to expain tanings. As for the music, it was well worth travelling for as far away as Forsyth street seemed, and that was leagues and leagues.

BEASIDE SCALES IN DEMAND.

Why Persons Get Weighed Oftener on the Coast Than Inland.

It has often been remarked as a subject of mystery that scales at seaside resorts are con-stantly in demand, and that "whether personally conducted," like a European tour, or regulated automatically, they have very much more patronage than like machines inland. No explanation of this phenomenon, the success of the seaside scales, has ever, probably, been given in print, but some light has been thrown upon it by this memorandum, which is printed on the cards recording what agriculturists call "neat weight:

"Get weighed before bath or after, before meals or after, before a big walk or after, as all those influences affect a person's weight from one to five pounds. You will also reduce your weight from one-half to one pound by inhaling more air."

Herein may be found an explanation of the apparent popularity, otherwise inexplicable, of scales at seaside resorts. A difference of "from one to five pounds" as the result of a walk or a plunge in the surf is not to be disregarded in an estimate of one's adipose, and if, as set forth, the weight may be reduced from half a pound to a pound "by inhaling more air," the field for conjecture in the matter of weight is certainly what may be called an open one, especially to persons of imaginative dis-

one, especially to persons of imaginative disposition.

It has been observed that persons newly arrived at the seaside desire forthwith "to get weighed" in order, presumably, to establish a basis of hygienic computation thereafter. After a brief stay at the seaside it is necessary to be weighed again in order to establish in pounds and fractions of a pound the improvement resulting from absence from home. If the results of such weighing are satisfactory (as they sometimes are) and realize the expectations of the patron of the scales this is an incentive for more weighing; if they fail to realize the hopes of the patron, the defect is ascribed to one or other of the causes named on the card, and, as there is apparently a margin of gain always of from one to five pounds from walks, meals or bath, and of loss of from half a pound to a pound from the radiumental process of breathing, the opportunities for weighing are increased to such an extent that the apparent phenomenon of "scales at profit" is in part, at least, explained.

Majors. As in the army proper, there is nothing done in the pay department without orders, and the soldier who becomes impatient at not receiving his pay at the anticipated time should not blame the Paymaster. It may be that he has not received his orders.

The First New York Volunteers were paid off recently by Major Fowler at Fort Hamilton, and the method of procedure will serve to illustrate all payments in the field. On the rolls furnished by the company commanders an estimate of the amount due each man, less fines, was made by the Paymaster, and the latter, with his clerk, went to the camp with sufficient currency to pay off. At Fort Hamilton the place selected for paying the troops was the hall of the local lodge of Good Templars. Each company was lined up, one at a time, in front of the Paymaster's desk, and as his name was called out each man stepped forward and received his money.

First comes the Captain, who receives \$150.

pany was lined up, one at a time, in front of the Paymaster's desk, and as his name was called out each man stepped forward and received his money.

First comes the Captain, who receives \$150; then the First Lieutenant, who takes \$125; the Second Lieutenant walks off with \$110.07, and then follow the non-commissioned officers, beginning with the First Sergeant, whose compensation is \$30 a month. After the non-commissioned officers come the privates, who receive \$15.60 a month instead of \$13 a month, as formerly. In fact, in all the salaries of non-commissioned officers and privates there has been a uniform increase of 20 per cent.

When an entire regiment is paid off it is done from what is known as the roll of the field, staff and band, containing the names of the brigade or regimental field officers. These officers are paid by the Paymaster in the same manner that other payments are made, but the amounts are much larger, the Brigadier-General receiving \$458.83 a month; Colonel. \$201.57; Lieutenant-Colonel, \$250, and Major, \$208.33. Regimental Quartermaster and regimental Chaplain's pay is \$125 a month.

Commissioned officers may draw their salaries from any paymaster, and it is not infrequent that accounts are duplicated. In such cases from any paymaster, and it is not infrequent that accounts are duplicated. In such cases from any paymaster, and it is not infrequent that accounts are duplicated. In such cases from any paymaster, and it is not infrequent that accounts are duplicated. In such cases there is trouble in store for the officer. Paymasters, although they handle large sums of money, are only under \$10,000 bonds. They are responsible for the accuracy of their accounts, and the overpayment of money to solidiers is a loss to the Paymaster. The Government checks up every item in the pay rolla, and every error in payment is charged back to the Paymaster. The possibility of error is a constant worry to the volunteer Paymasters in the volunteer service who would accept the place. There are among the volunt

volunteer service who would accept the place. There are among the volunteer Paymasters some whose incomes from their private business exceeded that of their salary, but whose age disqualified them for army service, who have joined the pay department that they might acquire a military title. Such of these Paymasters as have been assigned to the Department of the East are fast realising that they are paying dear for their titles.

QUEER OLD TIMEKEEPERS. EFFORTS OF MANKIND TO ESCAPE WINDING CLOCKS. the Feat Actually Accomplished in Ger-

many-Clocks That Run a Long Time-Oliver Cromwell's Clock-A Watch That Required No Winding by Its Owner, Since the first invention of the clock man has naied himself in scheming and inventing ways of winding timekeepers that would give as little trouble as possible. For this purpose the winds, the tides, the atmosphere, even the novement of the body, have been utilized. Long before the Christian era water clocks were in use. They were followed by the sun dials. About the eleventh century clocks moved by weights and wheels began to be used in the monasteries of England. In 1280 the first of the wheel clocks publicly seen in England was placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1075, when the present St. Paul's was begun, a project was on foot to make a clock for the cathedral that should go 100 years without winding up and cost £4,000. The plan was not carried out. The

It was considered a great wonder. It is said that the first pendulum clocks were made in England about 1622. Oliver Cromwell owned one of them. Through the fickleness of fortune it has since found its way to the Philadelphia Library, which boasts its possession as the oldest clock in America. Another of these early pendulum clocks was made in Germany in 1640, and was recently taken for repairs to a clockmaker in Hartford, Conn. He found that it was wound by means of an endless chain and would go for six months without stopping.

clock made cost £300 and ran for eight days.

In the London Times in February, 1827, an advertisement appeared of the sale of a valuable and curious clock for £20. It was warranted to go for twelve months without winding. The advertisement stated further that only three such clocks had ever been made; that one was at Hampton Court, one in a nobleman's family, and one at the advertiser's. What fate befell the two latter is not known. but the one at Hampton Court is still shown as a great curiosity. It is in the bedroom of William III. The guard that shows the clock always gravely remarks that surely it is a very great improvement on the old Westminster clock, whose keeper spends two hours arduous labor every week in winding it up.

The atmospheric clock, which is a sort of perpetual hour glass, is one of the inventions that goes of itself. In appearance it is like a long thermometer with the bulb of mercury at the oottom. The glass tube is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and secured to the frame by two bands through which it passes easily. The divisions of time are marked on each side of the tube. Inside the glass tube is a smaller tube shaped very much as an hour

patron of the scales this is an incentive for more reighting; if they fail to realize the hopes of the patron, the defect is ascribed to one or other of the causes named on the card, and, as if they are the causes named on the card, and, as the patron of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the causes named on the card, and, as form of the cause of

or not, he has to do the same amount as is given to a Paymaster who has been in the service twenty years. In fact, there is a growing suspicion that the volunteer paymaster gets the worst of it all round.

The retired list which new Paymasters are required to wrestle with in the Paymaster's office in this city comprises the accounts of 400 officers and men who have been retired from the service, but who are drawing three-quarters pay. These payments are made once each month under an intricate system of bookkeeping. It is so complicated that no business man of to-day would think of applying it to his own business.

The retired officers and men are paid on the first day of each month. Those residing in New York receive their pay in currency at the Paymaster's office, while those residing outside the city are paid by check. The New York pay department is under the control of Lieut.-Col. Wilson, who ranks next to Paymaster-General Stanton. Under him at the present time are two regular army Paymasters and three emergency or volunteer Paymasters, all ranking as Majors. As in the army proper, there is nothing done in the pay department without orders, and the soldier who becomes impatient at not receiving his pay at the anticipated time should not blam the Paymaster. It may be that he has not received his orders.

The First New York Volunteers were paid off recently by Major Fowler at Fort Hamilton, and the method of procedure will serve to illustrate all payments in the field. On the rolls furnished by the company commanders are sent and mentod of procedure will serve to illustrate all payments in the field. On the rolls furnished by the company commanders are sent and mentod of procedure will serve to illustrate all payments in the field. On the rolls furnished by the company commanders are sent and mentod of procedure will serve to illustrate by the company commanders are sent and the even hour droughts and the payments in the field. On the rolls furnished by the company commanders are sent and mentod of procedure

ONE BOY PUMMELLING ANOTHER. A View Taken of the Incident by People

in a Passing Street Car. That men may look at the same thing very differently, each according to his own tem-perament or habit, was shown on a street car passing a house upon whose doorstep one boy stood pummeling another. They were both small boys. The boy who was being pummelled stood wedged as far as he could get into the angle formed by the door and the side of the doorway. He was making no effort to defend

doorway. He was making no effort to defend himself, except to try and cover his face with his arm, while the other boy pounded him as hard as he could, which, however, was not hard enough to do any great damage.

Of three passengers, mental impressions of whose faces were taken as they watched the boys while the car skipped peat, one was evidently disturbed. To him the sight of a small boy forgetting himself in passion and striking another little fellow repeatedly as hard as he could was a distressing sight.

Another man who looked on was quite undisturbed by the sight. In fact, he smiled as he looked, He didn't worry over the boy who was crouching in the corner without resenting the blows, and the efforts of the other little chap were amusing, rather than otherwise.

The third man who looked betrayed no interest whatever, one way or the other.

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FOR CHILDREN'S PETS.

Some Small Birds and Animals That Are Sold at Very Low Prices. Some canary birds can be bought for as little

as 25 cents each. These are small, young birds, which have not yet begun to sing, but may tern out to be good singers. A wooden cage may be bought for 10 cents, or a small wire cage for the same price, so that it is possible to get a bird in a cage very cheap.

Half-grown rabbits may be bought for 50 cents each. Rabbits cost from that up to a dollar a piece for fine full grown ones. Common gray squirrels can be bought for 50 cents each. Mexican squirrels costs \$1 to \$1.50. Kittens of imported stock may be bought for 50 cents each. Fine cats run up to \$25 each. Dwarf parrots may be bought for \$1 cach. Little mice may be bought for \$1 cach. Little mice may be bought for 15 cents each.

These and other small birds and animals are sold chiefly for children's pets. cage may be bought for 10 cents, or a small